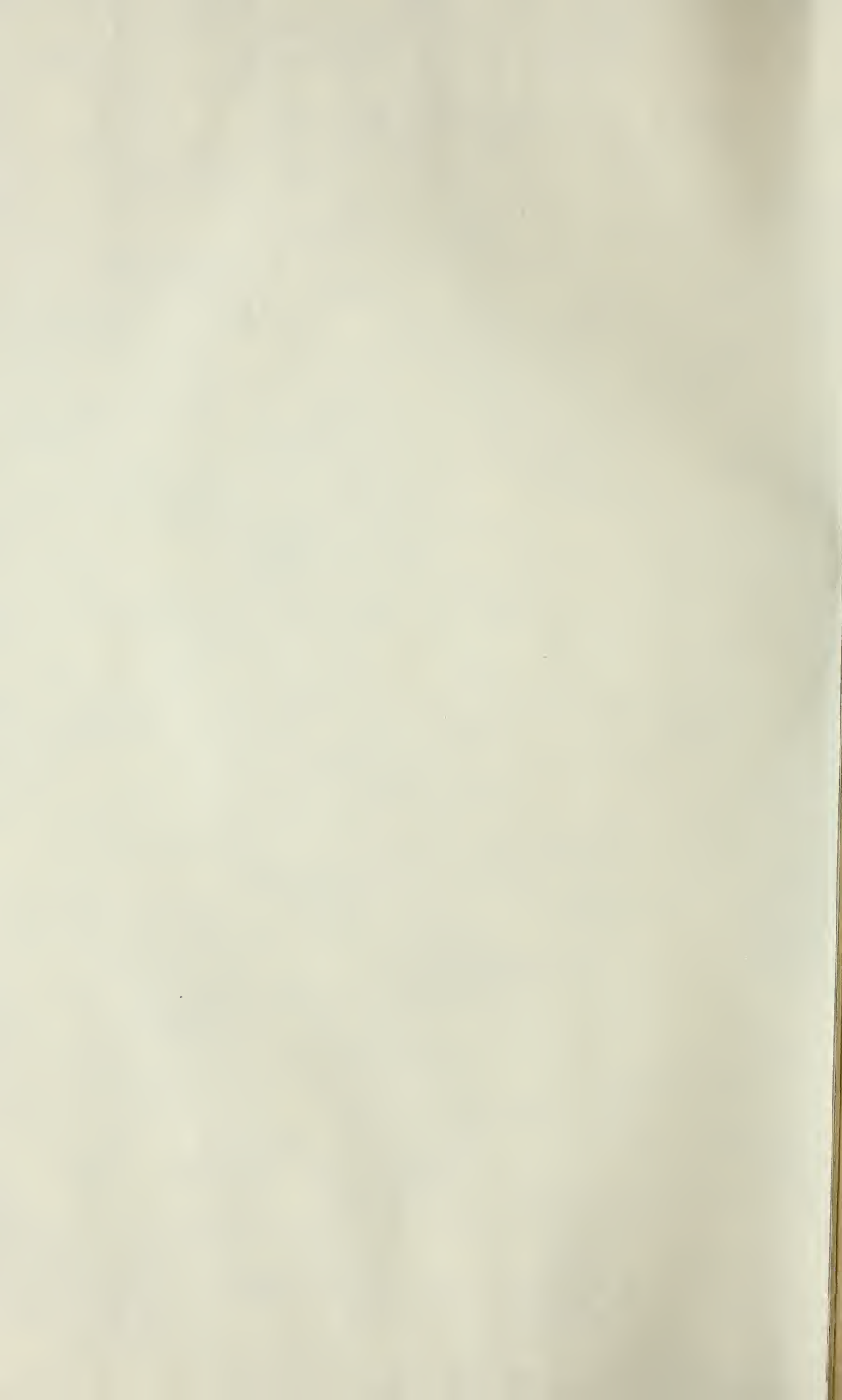






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Lebanon County Historical Society.

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Addresses Fifth Annual Banquet

DECEMBER 16, 1902.

"The Influence of a Historical Society on a Community,"

By REV. C. I. BURTON BRANE, D. D., Lebanon, Pa.

Poem—"What Makes a Fellow Homesick,"

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"Our Ancestors,"

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IN MEMORIAM.
JOHN MEILY.

Officers, Standing Committees and List of Members.

VOL. II. No. 6.



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NOTE--The last printed list of the members of the Society was that of 1900. Since that time 41 members have been added. The list herein contains the names of all members from the beginning, up to and inclusive June 19, 1903.

“The Influence of a Historical Society on a Community.”

BY REV. C. I. BURTON BRANE, D. D.

With me it is a pleasant task to philosophize on history; to recall the record of the race, or of the nation, or of the church, or of the individual, and reflect upon the cause and character of certain events, especially those for which I have a personal relish—a sort of sub-conscious affinity—and which stand out like mountain peaks above the range of ordinary affairs, with the light of increasing day streaming over them, making new and more interesting revelations concerning their nature and meaning.

No matter from what point of view we make or take our observations, the natural longing of the human heart is for that which has been, for what might have been, and for that which shall be. This triple trend of thought and feeling may symbolize a threefold fact in human experience, namely, conscious loss and desire to repair it, including the hope of ultimate perfection.

Our longing for that which has been may have remote but vital connection with the state of perfect goodness at a satisfaction in which man was originally created; our mournful reflection upon what might have been may be a fragmentary expression of regret over the calamitous effects of the fall; and our ardent anticipations concerning the future may deeply signify one structural lien on immortality, which is the only satisfactory answer to life's withheld completions. At any

rate there is something in this reminiscent mood that sweetly breaks up the monotony of life, freshens the soul-tides of thought and feeling, and opens up new channels for mental and moral inspiration.

It seems to me that historic meditation, based upon the recorded facts of the ages, furnishes the richest inspiration that comes to humanity in the struggle of life, except that which God gives, more directly through the agency of His Word and the ministry of the Holy Spirit. It brings before us men and women who breathe the breath of life, though they have been under the sod for centuries. It affords vital and perpetual contact with the remote past—enables one to look through the eyes of a proud Roman, think with the faculties of an intellectual Greek, and dream with the inspired fancy of a Hebrew prophet. On the high tide of such inspired reflection the soul finds the sublime in morals, catches the heroism of a holy environment, and rejoices over victories achieved by good men in perilous season, or under circumstances of great opposition. Indeed, it makes a man the embodiment of memories, which mellow his whole being into a fitness divine, and crowns his conception of human life, in its highest range of possibilities, with the dignity of an archangel.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

Some one has said that it is by the forfeiture of one true greatness and essential nature, that we put the main emphasis of life upon the present. All of the past is shut up within us and is a sort of perpetual present; all of the future is stretched out invisibly before us, and while duty is a present thing it is constructed out of the past and runs endlessly into the future. So, "we have the past with its memories, the present with its duties and the future with its anticipations, one for wisdom, one for action, and one for hope"—a trinity of resources to which the soul of man must have free and perpetual access in order to the highest outcome of his nature. In the philosophy of that conception of life we find the value of Paul's inspired declaration: "Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we, through patience

and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope." In the simple setting of that Old Testament quotation we see how cleverly the Apostle's argument sets forth the fact that inspired truth does not exhaust itself in the generation or age to which it is first given, but finds new and increasing fitness of application in each succeeding century. The same thing is true of history, which lies at the foundation of human learning, and is the first distinct product of our spiritual nature—the earliest expression of human thought and feeling. As gold is washed down the sides of the mountain, intrinsically valuable in its individual particles but mixed with much alloy, so the stream of time bears on its bosom the events of the ages, perfect gems of truth and inspiration in their relation to human life, but also mixed with the debris of centuries; and yet out of this mixed and broken record of previous events we may construct a policy that will subserve our highest need. So I conclude that history, both sacred and secular, the former as an inspiration to the soul life of humanity and the latter as an indispensable guide and contributor to the highest achievements in the realm of learning, is a source of increasing enrichment to the community in which it is fostered. As the warmth of springtime opens the soil for the plow-share of the husbandman, and unlocks the ice-bound water-courses from mountain to sea, and causes the great heart of Nature to beat with the bounding tide of life throughout the realm, stocking the hillside with daisies and the fertile fields and farms and valleys with harvests of golden grain, so does the influence of history inspire and fertilize individual thought and feeling, and thus render fruitful and fragrant every department of life and labor.

DUTIES OF THE HISTORIAN.

The high office of the historian is to make up the form and preserve the record of human events, each of which is a nugget of gold, an important link in the chain of that providence which picks up the little things of life, even the ills with which we are afflicted, and transforms them into centers and sources of blessing to the children of men.

In a large building in New York I saw a machine which serves a unique purpose in the power plant of the corporation, which is to pick up the electric waste throughout the basement of the building during the day, and store it for service at night, when it takes the place of an extra motor. That is to say, the lost power picked up by the magnetic fingers of that clever invention during the day serves the plant with limited power at night.

So the person who picks from the dust of time and rescues from the debris of the centuries even the little facts and fancies which perpetually fall from the general course of human events, and weaves them into the web of history, stands in a similar relation of helpfulness to the departments of art, science, literature, learning and religion; while those who devote their lives to the discovery and preservation of history are worth their weight in gold to the real wealth of the world.

The historian is not merely a recorder of that which occurs in life, but is also a philosopher, reflecting upon the cause and character of certain important events, and therein becomes the author of an inspiration which exalts the student to the highest and widest range of usefulness and kindles the fires of patriotism in every chamber of his soul. The American historian traces the evolution of individual and national life back through the generations of a noble ancestry, and follows the flag, from the rough pencil sketch Washington drew and placed in the hands of Betsy Ross, to its present proud place in the Philippines, where vessels plying the high seas of a world-wide commerce, salute its silken folds with profound respect, including secret wonder and admiration.

REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST.

As long as oaks grow and waters flow, we will remember Independence Hall, Bunker Hill, Valley Forge, Lake Erie, Fort McHenry, Harper's Ferry, Gettysburg, Appomattox, Manila and Santiago. And why will these place remain centers of interest and sources of inspiration to the American people? We remember Faneuil Hall because it was the trysting place of patriots and the scene of many liberty-loving

acts and utterances upon the part of the people of Boston, and for that reason it is called "the Cradle of Liberty." We hang around Liberty Hall not because we admire the building, which is old and unsightly, but because there the American people, through their representatives, declared that "these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and Independent States." We remember Bunker Hill, not because the Americans were successful in that bloody battle, but for the better reason that they were true and faithful, and retired from the field only after a stubborn hand-to-hand fight with a vastly superior force, having previously fired their last cartridge at the enemy. I make an occasional pilgrimage to Valley Forge, because my grandfather, and thousands of others, patriotically participated in the dreadful sufferings of that memorable encampment, whose triumphant sequel we find in the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, with which event the name of Thomas Nelson is associated, because he gave himself and his vast wealth to the cause of the colonies. Lake Erie suggests the name and fame of Oliver Hazard Perry, who met the enemy and made them "ours;" while Fort McHenry and the name of Francis Scott Key meet and mingle in the strains of the Star-Spangled Banner. Harper's Ferry stands for John Brown, who lived and died in the eclipse of his own glory, and said to his jailer as he mounted the hill upon which he was about to be executed: "This is a beautiful country," little thinking that not only the landscape upon which his enrapt eye rested that balmy December morning, but the whole of our country would be dedicated to the very principle for which he was about to die in the course of three years and a fraction! As for Gettysburg and Appomattox, they are the points between which the declining tide of life in the late Confederacy slowly ebbed away into complete submission to the old flag, which gave the Union a new birth of liberty. Manila and Santiago tell of the extension of that liberty to Cuba and the Philippines, the former exalted to the dignity of an Independent Republic, and the latter placed in the line of promotion to the same privilege as soon as the people show capacity for self-government.

TWENTIETH CENTURY VISION.

Lord Macauley once said concerning our country, "As for America, I appeal to the twentieth century. Either some Caesar or Napoleon will seize the reins of government with a strong hand, or else your Republic will be fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman empire was in the fifth, with this difference: the Huns and Vandals who plundered the Roman empire came from without her borders, whereas your Huns and Vandals will be the product of your own country and of its institutions." Standing on the threshold of the very century to which Macauley appealed, with thousands of the Huns and Vandals he alluded to thrust out of power in our imperial city of New York, which we once had reason to fear would long remain in the clutches of "boodlers," and with a score or more of the same class facing the penitentiary in each of the cities of St. Louis, New Orleans, St. Paul, Scranton and other cities; with a growing desire to cultivate intelligence and integrity throughout the land; with increasing fidelity to Him who sent the Mayflower to Plymouth Rock, and settled the Puritans on Massachusetts Bay, and planted the Hollanders at the mouth of the Hudson, and founded an English colony at Jamestown, and savingly salted the coasts of Virginia and the Carolinas with Huguenot families; and with the light of a healthy Christian optimism shedding its beams of promise all about us, we are able to say that that gloomy prophecy has not yet been fulfilled; and our desire of heart, and purpose of soul, and prayer to God for Israel is, that it never shall be!

CIRCUMSTANCES CHANGE MATTERS.

It would be an easy, pleasant task to trace the hand of God in our national affairs, from Plymouth Rock to the Paris Peace Commission, but for that we have neither time nor preparation. Conspicuous examples of his chosen instrumentalities may be seen in Washington, Webster, Clay, Lincoln, Grant, Dewey and Schley. The Union army suffered the defeat of one Bull Run after another, till Lincoln, providentially driven to an act of which he had not thought, even in the highest

ecstasy of his dream of Liberty, bravely collared the cause of the most uncalled for rebellion recorded in history, and pleased God by issuing the Emancipation Proclamation. From that on an almost unbroken line of victories shows the favoring presence of Providence with the Federal army. McKinley was as reluctant to interfere with Cuban affairs as Lincoln was to meddle with slavery till Providence, commonly called "circumstances," practically took it out of his hands—made it necessary for him to do just what he did not wish to do. Necessity drove Dewey from Hong Kong, and opportunity invited him to Manila, where fortune favored him with the greatest naval victory on record! The same fortune favored Schley in a marvelous way. Now just substitute the word God for those of "circumstances," "necessity," "opportunity" and "fortune," as I have used them, and you have the sense of my philosophy and likeness the true inwardness of our national history. The natural and the supernatural are only different forms of the same power, and that power is God. He sometimes makes human madness contribute to his praise; but chooses reasonable and righteous men and women to execute his plans. When those two elements are combined the result is heroism.

HUMANITY'S WELFARE.

We are sometimes told that this is not an age of chivalry, but of grasping greed and unmatched corruption; that the knights of old, who bore lances and bravely bounded into the arena for a lady's glove, even at the risk of being devoured by hungry lions, have passed away, and that the world is infinitely worse than it ever was before. Generally speaking, I believe that the world is worse than formerly and that wickedness is more widespread and degraded; but I also realize that the world never possessed finer types of individual piety or of Christian civilization than it does just now. Those who sigh for the days of the broken lance and the riven shield are welcome to their longing. I honor them for their pure and painful concern for the welfare of humanity. I am gratified beyond expression to live in an age which translates the cross

into character, which produces more and finer specimens of that spiritual manhood whose sense of honor finds not its highest expression of purpose and joy in picking up a glove, but in breaking bread to the helpless poor, in binding up the hopes of the utterly discouraged, in setting in order the breath of prayer that has grown cold and confused in darkness of a starless sky, or in the clutches of a relentless tyranny, individual or national, and thus helps the blind of every description to find the gates of gold.

“What Makes a Fellow Homesick.”

BY REV. PHILIP C. CROLL, LEBANON, PA.

Tonight, so near to Christmas-time, I'd lead the Memory back,
To scenes of happy childhood's life, along one's rearward track,
And call up sights and sounds and smells, amid this savory feast,
That'll twitch a fellow's heartstrings so he is not soon released.

'Tis wonderful what havoc's wrought with feelings stout and firm,
When Father Time, with crank in hand, makes chronic backward turn,
And makes one see, or taste, or smell, or feel, or hear some thing
He used to see and taste and smell when life was in its Spring !

And so, tonight, this festal board, with all its smells and sights,
Recalls, mayhap, some long-past feast of juvenile delights,
Where children we round table sat, presided o'er by one
Who personated more of Love than aught else 'neath the sun.

The savory soup, the chicken broth, the nuts and pumpkin pie,
The vapors that the nostrils greet, the sights that tempt the eye,
These bring to one a vision fair, a sickness at the heart,
Which make him wish to don his hat and for the Past depart.

But not alone does well-cooked meal bring up this wish for Home,
A score of simple objects each may rouse this wish to roam
And give the heart that sickening twitch no doctor ever cured,
Unless his patient's footsteps he toward th' old homestead lured.

If country-bred, a cider-mill with characteristic creak—
A race-course with its water-dam—it may have sprung a leak—
A saw-buck by a woodpile set, with woodsaw hooking arms,
A crowbar, pick, or grubbing-hoe, all tools once used on farms,

A sickle of the olden kind, a cradle used to reap
Or e'en the one with rockers on, in which we used to sleep,
A spinning wheel, a butter churn, a ladle, or a broom,
May give the heart that sickness strange that's only cured at home.

'T may be a whig of new-mown hay, th' smell of a roasting ear,
The sight of a field of corn-shocks, with yellow pumpkins near,
The sound of a country school-bell, a chanticleer's loud call,
Or the hoar-frost in the meadow, or an autumn leaflet's fall;

A field with cows a-pasture, a beaten path to some spring,
An orchard where the Baldwin and the King are reddening;
The sight of a flock of turkeys with Thanksgiving just ahead;
A rocker by some hearth-fire; an organ with singer fled;

Perhaps a sputtering mush pot, perhaps a chocolate cake,
Or the sign of some such "doughnuts as your mother used to bake,"
Perhaps the sound of sleigh bells and the horses all a-foam,
Can make your heart turn very sick and anxious to go home.

To none of these is my heart proof, to none is yours immune,
Both rise and ebb as do the tides 'neath full and waning moon,
Both nothing e'er kept tucking at my heartstrings all the while
As sight of a rural footpath that leads o'er some rustic stile.

And so, one night, not long ago, afore I went to bed,
Some mystic wing flapped 'cross my brain and woke up things long dead;
Like Spring-time sun on late-sown field, it sprouted seeds long lost,
Like angel's trump in church yard blown, it raised a buried 'host.

A chill had crept into my room, which made me down to lie,
And from my pillow watch the ghosts that masquered by:
A train of moving pictures now were wound from Memory's roll,
Projected from its camera on th' canvas of my soul.

I played a barefoot boy again with sister by the door;
The meadow round our cottage home, as in the days of yore,
Was spangled o'er with brilliant blooms, the brook ran 'neath the bridge,
While o'er it wound the beaten path to grandpa's on the ridge.

Beyond the field, 'neath apple-boughs, there stood the self-same stile—
About which Fancy's picture-play kept focusing the while—
O'er which there passed processions long, in childhood's happy days,
Which now began to move again in old-time forms and ways.

With feebled step and bowed form there comes an aged pair,
Whose old-sty le robes held color well, while faded was their hair;
The hymn-books which they bear in hand, their faces clad in peace,
Reveal that Sabbath-day has dawned and brought from toil release.

The neighbor with his scythe on back, his flail or grubbing hoe,
Is crossing now upon that stile as in the long ago;
His meek wife dressed in gingham frock, with hood-strings flying free,
Comes twenty paces after him to join the quilting bee.
Between them skip their children two, sweet Lal with winsome grace,

And Jonas with his nimble feet and with his freckled face
How often did we hear them call and lure us there to play,
While parents nearby planted corn, or took in loads of hay.

Across it mother goes to store on weekly schedule trips,
Whose coming back is watched by us as merchants watch for ships—
Assured her basket barge was filled with sweets and spices rare,
And prize for each expectant one when treasures were laid bare.

A group of happy picnickers returning from the grove,
Well-fitted with gleeful merriment and with the wine of love,
Next loiter 'bout th' enchanted spot till evening zephyrs waft
And Cupid sly had done his work and shot his fatal shaft.

Thus ran the magic picture-play until the reel was wound;
When, startled from my pillow at the hearing of some sound,
I found that truth and fiction oft, that fancy and that fact,
May both be rendered in one play, in one brief, dreamful act.

And now, if aught I've said to you in doggerel and rhyme,
Has brought to you a picture fond along the sands of time
That gives your heart sore longing and fills your mind with ills,
Don't call your family doctor in, don't take his bitter pills.

But fold your tent like the Arab, steal silently away
To the dear old home by the roadside,—there spend your Christmas day;
For there your woes will be righted, there th' heart will gain its rest.
By th' hearthfire Love has relighted, in childhood's own dear nest.

At Christmas we'd rather be children, astraddle our father's knee,
Hear mother relate her charming tales beneath the Christmas tree,
Than be a merchant on Main Street, a lawyer at the bar,
Or judge, or doctor, or preacher, such as most of us only are.

Our Ancestors.

BY J. F. MCGOVERN.

After the eloquent address of Rev. Dr. Brane and the beautiful poetry of the Rev. Dr. Croll, I wish we were all like Uncle Tom's Topsy, who had no ancestors, then I would not be in the unpleasant position of speaking to you upon the subject which the committee has selected for me, "Our Ancestors and What We Owe Them." The committee which selected the subject for me did it with malice aforethought, without charity or consideration, for you ladies and gentlemen, or myself. How I could be expected to come here to-night with data, showing just what we owe our ancestors in dollars and cents, is beyond my comprehension. I could learn nothing from the court house records. I tried on several occasions to interview some of the members of the Historical Society as to what they owed their ancestors. Some thought the question impertinent; others said they had paid them every cent; others again said, "I will tell you," and they took me into a corner and told me their ancestral history from away back. After they were through with me I had a feeling of uncharity towards the committee I could not overcome. They expected, no doubt, I would be on hand with a long row of figures, showing just how much we have been able to borrow from our ancestors, they feeling perfectly safe, as they were unable to borrow any money from their ancestors. In speaking of ancestors we are unable to go beyond Adam, as he started the ancestry business. We are perfectly safe when we speak of ancestry to stay right with Adam. Whatever little weakness he may have had, we are compelled to stand by him, as he is the

ancestor of all of us. The biblical story of his eating the apple which was forbidden goes to show that the first Adam and the Adams of to-day were very much alike. We Americans have every reason to be proud of our ancestors, more so than any nation on the face of the earth. Our ancestors were men of strong mind and will power too strong and too thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Liberty and Independence to remain under the heavy yoke which their ancestors had borne. Some of those ancestors came over on the Mayflower. The Mayflower must have had all first-class cabins. I never heard of any descendants of the ancestors who landed at that time say anything about their ancestors having been steerage passengers. I am not sufficiently informed to say how Geo. Steitz, the founder of our city, arrived here at Lebanon, but I am positive it was not on the Mayflower.

Poor Geo. Steitz suffered the fate of many great men who had gone before him. He died and was forgotten for many years. That his name and fame are now familiar to most of us, the Lebanon County Historical Society claims credit for. This, however, is a disputed question. A firm in our city, the Hauer Brothers, manufactures a cigar which they called the Geo. Steitz. Some of our narrow-minded citizens say that was the first knowledge the Historical Society had of Geo. Steitz. Not having been a member of this Society at that time, I am unable to contradict it. Geo. Steitz certainly showed superior judgment in locating in this beautiful spot, and I understand when he started to sell town lots he looked after his judgments very carefully and saw they were properly recorded. This committee asked me not to dwell on our ancestors too much, but to say something about the "Irish" and the "Pennsylvania Dutch." The descendants of the Emerald Isle have every reason to be proud of their ancestors. They were all kings. The record of ancestry is very easily traced there. What record the family does not have, the Courts have in the way of evictions, transportations, etc. I understand the Pennsylvania Dutch have been trying for many years to locate themselves. They have tried Germany and several other

countries, but have not been able to prove their claim. I think, if they look into the matter more closely, they will find they originally came from Ireland. Driven from there by the tyranny of England they emigrated to America and started a language of their own so different from anything ever heard before that they felt sure they would never be discovered as natives of Ireland. They are now discovered.

After all, the best gifts that a merciful creator can give to his children are good, strong, healthy, well-balanced Christian ancestors. It matters little what country they came from or when they came or how, if they transmit to us by a good regular Christian life, good health of mind and body, we have every reason to be proud of them and to bless their memory. Our duty in life is to so live that our descendants may point with pride to our history and be glad to say, all I have I owe to my ancestors.

In Memoriam.

JOHN MEILY.

DIED APRIL 3, 1902.

John Meily, Sr., one of the owners of the Lebanon Valley Furnace, died shortly before 5 o'clock Thursday at his home, 518 Cumberland street, April 3, 1902.

Chronic heart trouble was the cause of death, but his fatal illness began only a few weeks before.

Up to a few days before his death there was some improvement, apparently, but after the relapse that followed, Mr. Meily could not rally. He had passed his 75th birthday.

A PROMINENT FIGURE.

Mr. Meily was one of the best known and most highly esteemed men of this community. He was everywhere regarded as an upright and model citizen, and his death removes from the city a gentleman of the old school.

The funeral was held on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the house. Rev. V. W. Dippell, pastor of St. John's Reformed Church, officiating.

SKETCH OF THE DECEASED.

John Meily's career was a busy and useful one. He was born in Mechanicsburg, Cumberland county, September 9, 1826. His father, Martin Meily, had removed thither from Lebanon county, the family home, where he was at various times a justice of the peace, a county surveyor and a merchant.

John Meily was clerk in a Mechanicsburg store for awhile. He then came to the ancestral home in Lebanon county, and engaged in transportation pursuits on the Union Canal, at Jonestown, with offices at Jonestown and at Middletown. He was also connected with a mercantile establishment in Philadelphia at one time, and lived for a short time in that city.

INTERESTED IN IRON.

Later his knowledge of the iron business led him to enter the iron trade, and with Henry Meily, son of Henry Meily, he operated a furnace at Middletown, about forty years ago.

In 1867 he built the Lebanon Valley Furnace in this city, with Richard Meily and Lyman Nutting, operating the latter furnace ever since, with Mr. Richard Meily. Mr. Nutting, now dead, withdrew from the firm many years ago.

ENTERS PUBLIC LIFE.

Mr. Meily's prominence in various canal and iron interests brought him into public life, and he had not yet reached the age of thirty when he was elected to the Legislature, in the fifties, as a Whig. He was then living at Jonestown. He declined a re-election, preferring business advancement to political distinction. In spite of this, he was always prominent in the Whig and Republican parties, and has always been influential in party affairs.

HIS FAMILY LIFE.

Mr. Meily was twice married. His first wife was Miss Helen Halter, then of Washington, D. C., and a connection by marriage of the Weidman and other distinguished families of this section. There were six children from this union, the following surviving: James Meily, of Philadelphia; John Meily, Jr., of this city; and Mrs. Helen, wife of Edward M. Taylor, of Wilmington, Delaware.

His first wife died over twenty-five years ago. His second wife, nee Miss Katherine DeHuff, survives him.

Jacob Meily, who was member of the Legislature in 1868-1869, and in 1871-72, was a brother of the deceased. Mrs. Solomon Hoke, of Mt. Nebo, is a sister, and another sister, Mrs. Francis, resides at Pinegrove.

Richard Meily, of the firm of J. and R. Meily, is a first cousin.

Mr. Meily was a member of St. John Reformed Church since its organization.

He was also a member of the Lebanon County Historical Society, which he joined Feb. 15, 1898, at the first stated meeting held after the organization of the Society, Jan. 14, of the same year, and always showed a keen interest in its welfare and work.

His death removes from Lebanon business circles a pioneer iron manufacturer, a public man generally respected and influential, and a private citizen widely esteemed and admired.

OFFICERS, 1903.

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HENRY C. GRITTINGER.

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REV. THÉO. E. SCHMAUK, D. D., " " "

HON. E. BENJ. BIERMAN, Ph. D., " " 1904
PROF. THOS. S. STEIN, A. M., " " "

REV. PHILIP C. CROLL, " " 1905
LEE L. GRUMBINE, Esq., " " "

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LIEUT. J. M. SHINDEL, Esq.,
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THOMAS S. STEIN, A. M.

HOUSEHOLD ART WORK.—MRS. ALICE E. MCCURDY,
MISS CLARA A. SHIRK,
MRS. CATHARINE J. FUNCK.

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Founders Nov. 24, 1897.

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Jacob H. Redsecker, Ph. M.	Lebanon, Pa.
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Charles H. Killinger, Esq.	Lebanon Pa.
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Grant Weidman, Jr., Esq.	Lebanon, Pa.
Albert C. Rigler	Annaville, Pa.
Henry C. Grittinger	Lebanon, Pa.
Benjamin M. Strouse, Esq.	Reading, Pa.
Ezra Grumbine, M. D.	Mt. Zion, Pa.

ADMITTED MEMBERS.

NAMES.	DATE OF ADMISSION.	
Rev. Alfred M. Abel, Jonestown, Pa	January 14,	1898
William A. Bachman, Annville, Pa	" "	"
Frank S. Becker, Lebanon, Pa	February 15,	"
Thomas L. Becker, Esq., Millbach, Pa	June 22,	1900
George H. Bender, Jonestown, Pa	February 15,	1898
Hon. E. Benj. Bierman, Ph. D., Annville, Pa.	January 14,	"
Cyrus Boger, Lebanon, R. F. D. 3 Pa	" "	"
Benjamin R. Boggs, Harrisburg, Pa.	December 15,	"
J. William Brandt, Philadelphia, Pa.	June 17,	"
Rev. C. I. Berton Brane, D. D., Lebanon, Pa.	October 31,	1902
Abraham S. Brendle, Esq., Schaefferstown, Pa	January 14,	1898
Abner J. Bowman, Bismarck, Pa.	December 17,	1901
Prof. C. A Bowman, A. M. Ph D Myerstown, Pa.	February 15,	"
Charles M. Bowman, Lebanon, Pa	January 14,	1898
Horace Brock, Lebanon, Pa	February 17	1899
Deborah N. C. Brock, Lebanon, Pa	" "	"
Rev. Edwin S. Bromer, Lebanon, Pa	June 22,	1900
William E. Brunner, Campbelltown, Pa	February 15,	1899
Henry M. Capp, Lebanon, Pa	" 16,	1900
Herbert B. Cox, Cornwall, Pa	August 17.	"
Jacob A. DeHuff, Lebanon, Pa.	January 14	1898
Elmer M. Eshelman, Takoma Park, D. C.	April 17,	1903
Charles W. Few, Lebanon, Pa	February 16,	1900
Rev. I. Calvin Fisher, Lebanon, Pa.	June 20	1902
*Wm. Coleman Freeman, Cornwall, Pa.	October 31,	"
Catharine J. Funck, Lebanon, Pa	April 26,	1901
John K. Funck, Lebanon, Pa	" "	"
*Rev. L. Wayne Fluck, Riverside, N. J	February 15	1898
Major Milton A. Gherst, Reading, Pa	" "	"
†George Gleim, M. D. Lansdowne, Pa	January 14	"
Gen. John P. S. Gobin, Lebanon, Pa	February 16,	1900
†Randolph H. Graeff, Lebanon, Pa	January 14	1898
†Samuel Groh, Fredericksburg, Va.	October 21,	"
William M. Guilford, M. D., Lebanon, Pa.	February 15.	"
Elmer E. Hauer, Lebanon, Pa	" "	"
Rev. Horace Edwin Hayden, Wilkes-Barre, Pa	December 16	1902
George W. Hayes, C. E. Lebanon, Pa	January 14,	1898
W. Elmer Heilman, Annville, Pa	February 15,	"

* Deceased.

† Formerly a member.

Hon. Abram Hess, Lebanon, Pa	January 14	1898
W. Howard Hoch, Lebanon, Pa	February 17.	1899
Anna Hunsicker, Lebanon, Pa	" 17,	1899
John Hunsicker, Lebanon, Pa	February 15,	1901
I. Witman Huntzberger, Brockwayville, Pa. . . .	April 26.	1901
Hiram L. Illig, Millbach, Pa.	February 17.	1898
Jacob P. Karch, East Pittsburg, Pa.	December 15.	"
Isaac Kegerreis, Esq., Richland Station, Pa. . . .	February 16,	1900
Howard A. Keiser, Lebanon, Pa	October 31,	1902
Joseph H. Kreider, Annville, Pa.	December 15	1898
Allen Kramer Krause, Lebanon, Pa	December 15,	1902
George D. Krause, Lebanon, Pa.	February 16,	"
J. Shindel Krause, Lebanon, Pa.	June 20,	"
Cyrus R. Lantz, Esq., Lebanon, Pa	February 15	1898
Ambrose E. Lehman, C. E., Philadelphia, Pa . . .	" "	"
George M. Lehman, C. E., Pittsburg, Pa	June 17.	"
Jos. Lyon Lemberger, Ph. M., Lebanon, Pa	February 15	"
Asaph S. Light, Lebanon, Pa	January 14	"
Arville G. Light, Lebanon, Pa	December 17,	1901
Henry H. Light, Lebanon, Pa	" "	"
John J. Light, M. D. Rexmont, Pa	February 16	1900
*Joseph H. Light, Lebanon, Pa	" 15	1898
Samuel E. Light, Lebanon, Pa	" 16,	1900
Samuel L. Light, Lebanon, Pa	June 20	1902
Simon P. Light, Esq., Lebanon, Pa	August 17	1900
†Warren G. Light, Esq. Lebanon, Pa	October 21,	1898
George W. Lingle, Lebanon, Pa	June 20,	1902
John H. Louser, Esq., Lebanon, Pa	February 15,	1901
Edward B. Marshall, M. D., Annville, Pa	June 17.	1898
George Mays, M. D Philadelphia, Pa	" "	"
J. Milton Mavs, Philadelphia, Pa.	February 16,	1900
Thomas J. Mays, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa	April 26	1901
Alice E. McCurdy, Lebanon, Pa	June 16,	1899
Elmer E. McCurdy, Esq. Lebanon, Pa	January 14,	1898
G. Lee McDonald, Lebanon, Pa	August 17,	1900
James F. McGovern, Lebanon, Pa	December 21,	"
John H. Mease, D. D. S., Lebanon, Pa.	February 16,	"
Henry C. Mercer, Doylestown, Pa	October 31,	1902
Catharine D. Meily, Lebanon, Pa	December 21,	1900
* John Meily, Lebanon, Pa	February 15,	1898

* Deceased.

† Formerly a member.

Richard Meily, Lebanon, Pa.	December 21,	1900
Charles L. Miller, M. D., Lebanon, Pa.	October 27,	1899
David W. Miller, Lebanon, Pa.	February 16,	1900
John Henry Miller, Lebanon, Pa.	" "	"
† Rev. Simon S. Miller, Frederick, Md.	June 17,	1898
Thomas V. Miller, M. D., Schaefferstown, Pa.	January 14,	"
Edward H. Molley, Lebanon, Pa.	February 16	1900
* Capt. A. Wilson Norris, Esq., Harrisburg, Pa.	January 14	1898
† Rev. Henry H. Ranck, Reading, Pa.	February 16,	1900
Charles E. Rauch, Lebanon, Pa.	January 14.	1898
Cyrus G. Rauch, Lebanon, Pa.	February 15.	"
Michael W. Reinhoehl, Lebanon, Pa.	" 16,	1900
Albert G. Reizenstein, Lebanon, Pa.	August 17,	"
Capt. Henry M. M. Richards, Lebanon, Pa.	February 16,	"
Samuel Riegel, Lebanon, Pa.	June 22,	"
† Elias S. Risser, Lawn, Pa.	February 15	1898
Ulysses G. Risser, M. D., Campbelltown, Pa.	April 17,	1903
Abner A. Ritcher, Lebanon, Pa.	" 26	1901
John L. Rockey, Lebanon, Pa.	February 15.	1898
William R. Roedel, M. D., Lebanon, Pa.	" "	"
Rev. Hervin U. Roop, Ph. D., Annville, Pa.	" 16,	1900
Martha J. Ross, Lebanon, Pa.	June 22,	"
Col. A. Frank Seltzer, Esq., Lebanon, Pa.	January 14	1898
Christian Shenk, Lebanon, Pa.	" "	"
Prof. Hiram Herr Shenk, Annville, Pa.	June 20.	1902
Jacob M. Shenk, Lebanon, Pa.	" 19,	1903
Clara A. Sherk, Lebanon, Pa.	February 17.	1899
Howard C. Shirk, Esq., Lebanon, Pa.	June 22,	1900
Lieut. Jay M. Shindel, Esq., Lebanon, Pa.	February 15.	1898
Henry W. Siegrist, Lebanon, Pa.	" 16,	1900
* George B. Schock, Esq., Lebanon, Pa.	" "	"
Allen D. Smith, Lebanon, Pa.	" 17	1899
Henry C. Snavely, Lebanon, Pa.	" 16,	1900
John H. Snavely, Lebanon, Pa.	" 15.	1898
Prof. John W. Snoke, Annville, Pa.	" "	"
Edward U. Sowers, Lebanon, Pa.	" 16,	1900
Joseph A. Sowers, Lebanon, Pa.	" 15,	1898
Prof. Thomas S. Stein, Annville, Pa.	" "	"
Lydia Louisa Unger, Philadelphia, Pa.	October 21,	"
† Robert E. Weigley, Esq., Myerstown, Pa.	January 14,	"

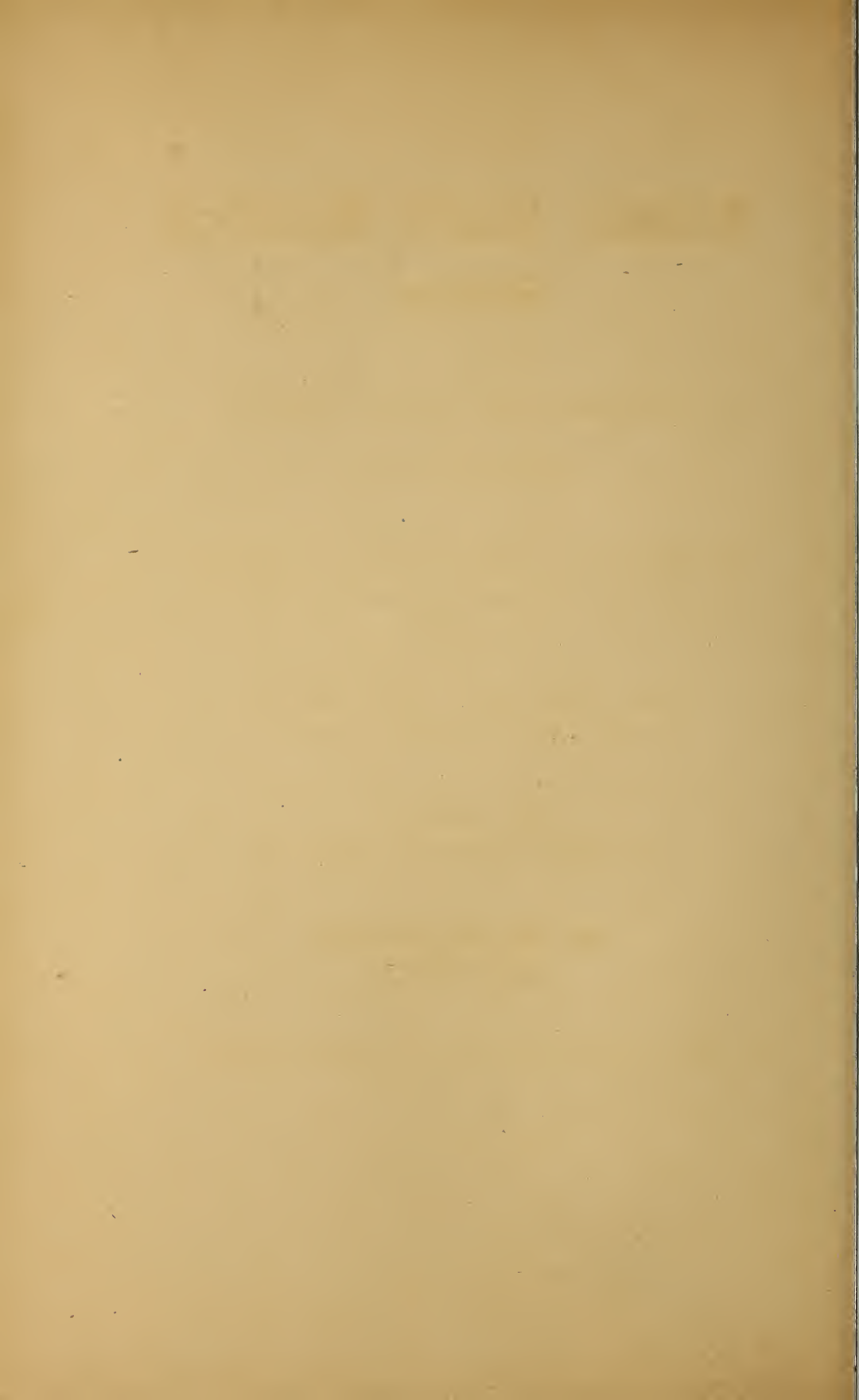
* Deceased

† Formerly a member

John A. Weimer, Lebanon, Pa.	June 21,	1901
Lucien E. Weimer, Lebanon, Pa.	December 21,	1900
Walter E. Weimer, Lebanon, Pa.	June 17	1898
Charles D. Weirick, Esq., Lebanon, Pa.	February 15,	1898
Rev. Henry J. Welker, Myerstown, Pa.	December 16,	1902
Prof. Chas. K. Witmer, Palmyra, Pa.	February 16,	1900
Frank B. Witmer, M. D., Bismarck, Pa.	January 14,	1898
Daniel P. Witmeyer, Lebanon, Pa.	February 15,	"
George B. Woomer, Esq., Lebanon, Pa.	" "	"
Charles M. Zerbe, Esq., Lebanon, Pa.	" "	"
John G. Ziegler, Ono, Pa.	June 22	1900

* Deceased

† Formerly a member



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